

**The  
Lay  
of  
The  
Bantry  
Bay**

**And Other Verses**

**HUMOROUS**

**SENTIMENTAL**

**PHILOSOPHIC**

**BY GEORGE POWICK BROWN**

**Levin, New Zealand, November, 1917**

**PRICE 1s 6d**

**Horowhenua Publishing Company, Limited.**





# THE LAY OF THE BANTRY BAY.

BY GEORGE POWICK BROWN.

The greater part of the verses in this book are published for the first time. For permission to reprint the pieces named in the following list, the author is indebted to the respective proprietors of the periodicals and journals indicated:—"A Truce to the Outward Bound," The Evening Post, Wellington, N.Z.; "Australia," The Bookfellow, N.S.W.; "The Austral Curse," "Digger Dave," "Re Jones (deceased)," "The Legion of the Lackers" and "To-morrow," The Bulletin, N.S.W.; the sonnet to M.C.B.; also "The Thankful Cockie's Man," The Triad, N.Z.; "On Brumby Plain," Windsor Times, N.S.W.; "On Receipt of a Letter," Canterbury Times, N.Z.; "The Old Schoolhouse," Marlborough Express, N.Z.; "An Old-time Football Fray," Bathurst National Advocate, N.S.W.; "A Song for Labor," and "Life," The Worker, Sydney, N.S.W.; also about a dozen pieces reprinted from the Levin Chronicle, N.Z.

# CONTENTS.

A Quatrain	15
A Song for Labor	23
A Truce to the Outward Bound	4-5
Australia	19
Bear and Dragon	14-15
Demos and Monarchy	6
Digger Dave	12-13
Fame	22
Fortune Craft	9
In re "Bluey"	16
Kismet	6
Life	17
Of a Good King Dead	22
On Brumby Plain	20
On Receipt of a Letter	7
Song Words (The Tides of Love)	11
The Austral Curse	16
The Lay of the Bantry Bay	1-3
The Bees	3
The Legion of the Lackers	8-9
The Old Schoolhouse	10
The Star of Hope	19
The Sun-God's Loves	21
To A Friendly Critic	7
"Vive L'Empereur"	12
To a Faded Rose	19
To-morrow	18
To November	18
Yacht Song	24

## IN LIGHTER VEIN.

A Blank-verse Banality	31
A Laurel Wreath	26
An Old-time Football Fray	27-28
A Political Quatrain	30
"Bubonico"	31

Supper Time	32
The Thankful Cockie's-man	32
When Dickens Sent Micawber to Australia	25
Yarding Sheep	29
Yenko—a Dirge	30

## PHILOSOPHIC VERSE.

Dying Alive	36
Flotsam and Jetson	33
Ixion's Wheel	34
The Last Enigma	38
The Life Eternal	37
Three Stanzas from 'Rimpodell'	35

## SOME RECITATIONS.

Job Ichabod O'Reilly	39-44
The Armstrong Duo	45-46
The Dual Purpose Cow	50
The Sea-course Steeplechase	47 49

## VERSES FROM DOWN THE LINE.

Courage	53
Sonnet to M.C.B.	52

## CHRONICLE CORNERPIECES.

A Chronicle Pastoral	59
Contentment	55
Some Limericks	54-55
The Sporting "Flaxie":	
Home from Otaki	57-58
Some Days Before Trentham	57
The Tree of Liberty	56

## MISCELLANEOUS.

A "Counsel of Perfection"	61
Gyrambo, Gyroosh and Gyrah	60
November in Australia	63
Re Jones (deceased)	62-63
Translation from Horace	64





# The Lay of the Bantry Bay.

From London Town to Puget Sound  
And round to Jervis Bay:  
Merchandise, live-stock, timber-baulks,  
Bed wine, and yellow stuff that talks,  
We carry for our pay.  
Stow tight the wool, bind casks well round;  
And guard the gold full well:  
For wine runs fast through spigots free;  
And half-sprung men like you and me  
Need guarding when we put to sea  
Beneath a mystic spell.

For it isn't ev'ry whaler  
That has her safe for "chink";  
It isn't ev'ry sailor  
That goes without a kink:  
And on the old barque Bantry Bay  
Some sudden things befall  
When we set out for Sydney way  
And found a living hell.

The skipper sold his two-years' oil,  
And we our shore-gilt drew;  
We razzled ev'ry pub. in town,  
We kissed the girls, both white and brown,  
We played at pak-a-pu;  
And when the pubs. were closed we tars  
Went razzling in the coast-boat bars  
Until the everlasting stars  
(That gleam like Lulu's eyes)  
Were dancing through the sky in pairs,  
And "set to partners" everywhere,  
Grown fifty times in size.

But it's set your ship to rights, boys;  
The money comes and goes;  
And be your pockets full or not,  
The whaler captain cares no jot  
For you and all your woes;  
He runs his oil and seeks new freight;  
And YOU on HIS affairs must wait:  
Weigh-up for far Cahoes.

Three thousand pounds for his good white oil  
 Topped up our skipper's hoard;  
 The banks were shaky in Sydney town,  
 So he drew his stuff to the last half crown  
 And stowed the coin aboard  
 In a hardwood box with clamps of steel;  
 Two whiskey casks were abaft the wheel;  
 And we spread our sails in the morning gray  
 On an outward run from Jervis Bay  
 To the reef where our vessel was cast away  
 Held fast in a demon's coil.

The skipper came sossled to steer us out;  
 The mate was soaked to the eyes;  
 And scarce a man in the spell-run crew  
 Could haul on his rope; and the cold spume flew  
 On a north-west wind from the waves green-blue,  
 As the barque plunged here and there.  
 The old man served us a whiskey each,  
 Crying, "Put the ship about"—  
 And "hell-for-leather" to Dead Man's Reach  
 We raced from harbor and sheltering beach—  
 A drunken, crazy rout.

In oilskin coat and rubber boots  
 The skipper leaped the rail:  
 We drank to his soul in whiskies three  
 Amid the howling gale.

Up spoke the mate: "You gay galoots  
 "All take the word from me:  
 "I'm bully boy on this pulsing barque;  
 "Crack on more sail, and before the dark  
 "We'll anchor hard by Callan Park  
 "Or plumb the outer sea!"

Two masts went fast as we heard him yell,  
 And the mizzen sagged and rolled;  
 The green seas tumbled along the deck,  
 And half the crew astern were swept.  
 The mate lurched down for the skipper's gold,  
 And yelled, "We're a spell-bound wreck,  
 "But I'll swim from here to Cir'kler Quay,  
 "And I'll pay you there if you'll follow me;  
 "Let the old tub sink in the soughing sea!"  
 And up with the gold he crept.



He fell in the swim as the mizzen went—  
 The gold in his arms held fast—  
 The hull held on amid the swill  
 Till half the gale was spent;  
 And a sober, sorry lot at last,  
 We heard the coast waves booming past;  
 And next the swirl of the strangling waves  
 Took all my mates to hidden graves——  
 And I am with them still:

For all must die in some ways:  
 But not the dead alone  
 Are held in thrall to dumb ways  
 That speak without a tone;  
 And dead and quick foregather  
 Whose souls have dared the fray  
 And proved that man's hereafter  
 Is with him all the way.

Levin, 1916.

## The Bees.

A wild bee toiled 'neath the Summer's sun,  
 To gather his Winter store—  
 Each dawn of morn saw his task begun,  
 Nor ceased his toil till the day had run,  
 And the Summer time was o'er.

### 2.

When leaves by the chilly winds were tost,  
 And the flowers had withered grown,  
 A robber came, and his sweets were lost—  
 And the wild bee starved in the Winter's frost,  
 Through a fault that was not his own.

### 3.

So, too, men strive, while their summers speed,  
 For the Winter of Later Years;  
 But Life is a riddle that none may read—  
 One reaps the spoil of a thousand's meed:  
 And being is toil and tears.

Avisford, N.S.W., July 5, 1898.

## A Truce to the Outward Bound.

A truce to songs of the Outward Bound.

My theme lies nearer home:

Vessels that speed by stream and sound,

Year by year, in a weekly round—

That come and go and come.

Ten-ton burthen to one-two-two—

Load in a hurry, and rush them through—

Cheer for a life on the ocean blue,

Though ever in sight of land.

Inner Harbor and Gisborne Reach—

Tallow and wool away!

Barrels and bales, with a curse for each,

Surfing them out from a sounding beach,

Wet to the back with spray.

Drenched or dry, stow the wool aboard;

Fire risk, bar risk, both ignored—

Head for the open and trust in Gord,

And float or sink or strand.

Diamonds black from The Grey we bring;

Grimy and black are we!

"Life on the ocean wave," we sing;

We are the boys that have their fling(?)

Sons of the coast-bound sea!

Cleaving the billowy waves in twain—

'Cept when they whoop down the deck amain—

Sort of a here-we-are-again-

Yours-truly-sans-command.

Foxton trips make a weary day:

Freights cut, to beat "the rails";

High is the pressure when small the pay—

Sit on the valve while the screw makes play,

And over the bar she sails:

Sand-banks flanking the course we steer,

Shallows ahead and surge in rear;

Rush and hustle from moor to clear;—

The coaster's life is grand! !



Cockies scratching the Wairau Plain

Offer a frequent freight:

Hay and chaff for Poneke main,

Pigs and poultry and barley grain—

Bar river here; can't wait!

"So long, Lucas," our skipper cries;

"So long, Eckford," he loud replies,

"Rattle her through and condemn your eyes";

We ARE a happy band!

Ten mile stretch where the curved wave spills;

Reefs from the seas just clear:

Flaxborne girt by her lime-crowned hills,

Kekerangu, where no man tills,

Call for us once a year.

Sheepskin, rabbitskin, wool and hide;

Stand to your waist in the rolling tide,

Gin to the neck keeps the salt outside,

And the surf-boats rise and fall.

Deep-sea sailors and coaster men

Same in the end shall be.

Little matters the how or when,

Skirting headlands or lost to ken

In leagues of the outer sea.

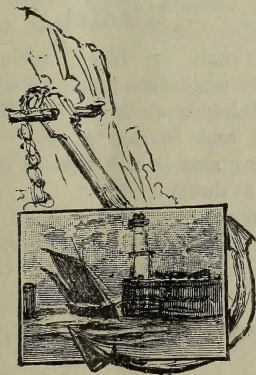
Short or long, comes a sure relief:

Billow or berg or the shelving reef,

What matters? since Death is each sailor's chief

And his final, port of call.

Wellington, July 7, 1905.



## Demos and Monarchy.

(Sonnet suggested by the Russo-Franco Rapprochement, 1897.)

Demos and Absolutism have met together;  
Decadence and Despotism have kissed each other.

Lo! Muscovite and Gaul embrace each other!  
While on the air resounds the Marseillaise;  
The song a nation shrieked in bygone days  
O'er falling despots, croon they to another.  
Thus present shifts the old ideals smother.  
And blend monarchial and republic bays—  
While Demos views supine, nor dares to raise  
His voice 'gainst him who hails the despot brother.

Thus what the world has won by painful stages:  
The glorious triumph of the people's right,  
Writ with men's blood in hist'ry's ample pages,  
Is trampled on by pigmies forced to might;  
And Freedom languishes along the Ages,  
By treach'ry losing all she gains in fight.

Sydney, N.S.W., 1897.

### "WHO RUNS MAY READ."

One tyrant rises where another fell;  
Another triumph is proclaimed in hell:  
Still Liberty a flag besmirched must wave,  
And stalk with bloody sword where yawns her grave.

Levin, March 17, 1917.

## Kismet.

Awhile we struggle on Life's devious way,  
With faltering steps and slow;  
Our aims and hopes elude us day by day,  
And faint and fainter grow.  
Then Fate's long arm, which nought on earth may bar  
Save for a dubious day,  
Across the barriers of things that are,  
Puts forth, and grasps its prey.

Sydney, October, 1897.



## To a Friendly Critic.

I sing of Life as I have found its woof;  
 And if my themes show Pessimism's lode  
 I simply say, "My lines were as my ode,"  
 And joys of Life from me long held aloof.

2

From earliest years I felt how hardship's sway  
 Retards the aspirations of the soul,  
 And poverty and care their burdens roll  
 On high-strung minds that seek the upward way.

3

To weary minds o'ercast with cynic madness  
 Joy is a cypher, bliss for ever fled.  
 How shall man's mind deflect his lay to gladness  
 When hope is dormant and belief lies dead?

Sydney, N.S.W., January 6, 1898.

## On Receipt of a Letter.

Here is a proof that fondest protestations  
 Are frail, and changeful as the fleeting day,  
 That strenuous love has strongest aberrations  
 And by its own quintessence wilts away.

2

Some hearts there are of constancy unbending  
 On whom detraction's powers may not avail,  
 Whose love is boundless, fathomless, unending,—  
 Hearts that hold fast, though fiends' harsh hate  
 assail.

3

But more, alas! are mirrors of a season,  
 Reflecting passion in a like degree;  
 And separation ever augurs treason,  
 Though present love be ardent, full and free.

4

The envious whisper born of base detraction  
 Grows clarion-tongued for ears to doubt attuned;  
 Ill-balanced faith procures its own refraction,  
 Where trusting hearts by courage were relumed.

5

Grieve not! Such fragile love, so fluctuating,  
 Unworthy is that man should rest upon;  
 The heart 'twixt trust and doubting vacillating  
 Is better lost than won.

Sydney, December 20, 1897.

## The Legion of the Lackers.

There is a mighty army whose retreat, long-since  
 begun,  
 Goes westward, westward ever, with the progress  
 of the sun;  
 An army never marshalled, never numbered, never  
 led,  
 Whose wages are but scanty, and whose soldiers  
 poorly fed:  
 The Legion of the Lackers, by the force of want  
 bid range,  
 Whose prospects have been mangled by the  
 Juggernaut of Change.

### 2.

All through the land they wander, by an evil fate  
 dismayed;  
 Few are the chances life affords the derelicts of  
 trade.  
 In vain is their endeavor into other ranks to glide—  
 All labor is skilled labor to the men by trade  
 denied.  
 From post to pillar driven, they pursue their  
 weary quest,  
 Till they find life's manumission in the Scylla of  
 the West.

### 3.

Hail to the age of progress! we are on an  
 upward way!  
 And the world goes leaping onward to the bourne  
 of perfect day.  
 Soon will come the consummation of the theoretic  
 plan,  
 And the onward march of Progress shall evolve a  
 perfect man:  
 In the clank of mechanism sounds the tocsin of  
 the free,  
 And the curse that came with Adam ever exercised  
 shall be.

### 4.

What matters it that countless hearts for lives in  
 ruin bleed?  
 The good of unborn millions surely justifies the  
 deed!  
 The Pathway of Advancement was with hardships  
 ever paved,



And by present miner suffering future agony is  
 saved:  
 The records of invention are (with confirmation  
 thick,  
 From the cotton-spinner's "jenny" to the  
 "Merganthaler's" click.

## 5

"All men are born to trouble," said the Israelitish  
 sage,  
 And there's little room for doubting that they get  
 their heritage.  
 Though perfection MAY come floating on Invention's  
 flowing tides,  
 'Tis the lust for wealth and power—not philanthropy  
 that guides;  
 And, though future good may follow, those who  
 now the hardships bear  
 In the clank of mechanism hear the Tocsin of  
 Despair.

Sydney, N.S.W., 1898.

### Fortune Craft.

Sailing upon uncharted waters wide,  
 Far, far from land, while billows roll between,  
 The ships of Fate are fancifully seen,  
 Out where the mystic sisters three abide:  
 Bravely contending with opposing tide,  
 Beset with storm and stress of Fortune's spleen,  
 Like modern Argons through the billows green  
 Their course they hold to goals by Fate denied.  
 Some with the snowy sails of Hope outspread  
 Catch the first breath of Fortune's favoring wind;  
 Others though slower, daily forge ahead,  
 But more, discouraged, daily drop behind;  
 And some, from Hope's bright spirit ever fled,  
 Lie derelict, and ne'er will haven find.

Wellington, 1892.



## The Old Schoolhouse.

Before some seeming wizard spell  
 Time's fetters fell away:  
 Through bygone scenes, remembered well,  
     Again my pathway lay;  
 Beside Omaka's sinuous stream  
 I roved again in waking dream,  
 And caught the glamor of the gleam  
     That vanished pleasures spread:  
 The gargoyled schoolhouse rose to view,  
 My comrades all—a merry crew—  
 Whose joy of life spontaneous grew  
     With ev'ry hour that fled.

### 2

The master's well-remembered form  
     Methinks again I see;  
 Long dead, he lives; his name kept warm  
     In kindly memory.  
 And men made dour by trials sore  
 Sport gleefully, grown boys once more,  
 While in the playground's fitful roar  
     My ears find music sweet:  
 I hear the jangle of the bell  
 And mark the flooded river's swell;  
 Old friends who by the wayside fell  
     Are there my steps to greet.

### 3

Eheu! Eheu! the years speed on,  
     With trials in their train;  
 In vain we sigh for joys bygone  
     And boyish hearts again.  
 The tale is old on ev'ry side:  
 Divergent ways the band divide,  
 And some have prospered; some have died;  
     Some, weary, still seek fame;  
 These win through force of heartless deed;  
 Those fail through lack of worldly speed;  
 But most because the blanks exceed  
     The prizes in Life's game.  
 Wellington, N.Z., 1896.





## Song Words.

### THE TIDES OF LOVE.

You kissed my hand and whispered low—

I did not say thee nay—

One morning in the long ago

Ere Trust had gone astray,

Our future garbed in sheen array,

And yet unborn was Woe;

Ah, me! that well remembered day

Within the long ago.

### 2

Years passed; and then you loved me not,

And for relief did pray;

The joys of former years forgot—

I did not say thee nay:

For man ill brooks a long delay,

His love course soon is run,

While woman's love burns on alway,

Till Life itself be done.

### 3

The loves of men like ocean run,

And vary as its tide;

'Tis now the moon, and now the sun,

To whom their torrents glide;

Like flotsam on the waters wide

We float our little day,

Till stranded by an ebbing tide

Our lives are cast away.



## “Vive l'Empereur.”

(Painting by Edouard Detaille. Sydney Art  
Gallery.)

Almost one hears the tumult of the fray,  
And thrills to hear the trumpet sound “Advance!”  
As forward dash the chivalry of France,  
In war’s mad fervor spurring on their way.  
See where the sunlight on their steel makes play;  
While eager all for vengeful thrust and glance  
Of deadly foin, their peril to enhance,  
War’s horrent task they furiously essay.  
View in the van yon helmetless huzzar,  
With untried valor gleaming in his eye;  
Mark how they rush, with hopes that range afar,  
To risk life’s all upon a loaded die:  
Such is the SURE UNCERTAINTY of war:  
Few reap the glory that dead millions buy.

Sydney, N.S.W., January, 1898.

## Digger Dave.

We’ve dug a grave for Digger Dave beyond the gold-  
lead valley;  
His final shaft we’ve sunk him, and he’s resting  
down below.  
The river ripples near him, and the songbirds o’er  
him rally,  
Where the spinifex is broken and the native roses  
blow.  
His cerements are his moleskins, and no coffin forms  
adorning;  
His “wash-dish” serves as pillow, and his pick lies  
close at hand;  
So he’ll find his kit all ready on the resurrection  
morning,  
When he goes to seek his spirit in the everlasting  
land.

## 2

He was human, as we all are; so he had his little  
failings;  
He was not a saint in seeming, and he walked in  
devious way;  
But he fought life’s battle bravely—though his  
“strikes” were mostly tailings—



**And** his hopes sprang fresh each morning on the  
grave of yesterday.  
**He** had little scope for doing; but within his sphere  
of being,  
**He** always sought to succor any fellow man in need;  
**And** I think that in the land to which his spirit now  
is fleeing  
**They** will judge him by his actions, and o'erlook his  
want of creed.

## 3

**On** the terraces of heaven he will prospect, I've been  
thinking,  
**As** he did along the rivers of the earth in days  
of old—  
**For** it kind of stands to reason they must keep the  
picks a-clinking  
**Where** the saints wear crowns of glory, and the  
streets are paved with gold.  
**But** I'll wager the salvation of a lone and  
dreary "hatter,"  
**If** old Dave can journey earthward when he gets his  
golden hat,  
**That** he'll pound it in a mortar, and the golden  
fragments scatter  
**Where** some fossicker will strike them when he's  
surfacing the flat.

Arisford, N.S.W., 1898.



## Bear and Dragon.

Bear and Dragon in deadly strife,  
 Land and ocean incarnadine,  
 Shell-fire barter of lives for life,  
 Ocean deeps where the dead entwine:  
 God of Battles—apart, unseen,  
 Testing Right in a scale of Troy—  
 Haste, oh hasten the might have been;  
 Loose Thy thunder, and wrong destroy:

~~For~~ the peace of Nations trembles on the balance of  
 a hair

While the Muscovite Oppressor sets the Orient  
 aflame,

~~Fills~~ the land with bloody murder, leaves the fields  
 in ruin bare,

And calls in impious protest on the aegis of Thy  
 name.

~~But~~ our God who never slumbers makes of Tyranny  
 a tool;

Still moves as with the Israelites His flaming  
 pillar on;

~~The~~ weary world wins slowly on the path to golden  
 rule—

Through blood she marches on!

Vigor born out of lethargy,

Spirit eager and unsubdued,

Break the phalanx of Tyranny,

Ocean reddens and land runs blood;

Lacquer armor and lance laid by,

Wielding science with bloody zest—

Baffled, beaten, the Slav hosts fly;

Shrieks the Dragon, and cowers the West.

~~There~~ is justice in the heavens, and the voice of the  
 oppressed

~~Has~~ reached a God of Justice! See, His bolt has  
 found the mark;

A puny nation triumphs and a giant lies distressed—

Still treasured in His covenant, still stands the  
 sacred ark.

~~Though~~ zealot priests with heart aflame lead des'prate  
 charges on,

And sacred cross and ikon raise for betterment of  
 faith,



God with the small battalions bides, His cause is  
 marching on—  
 Better a pure-souled Buddhist creed than  
 Orthodoxy's wraith.

England girt in her walls of white  
 Greets her ally with words of cheer,  
 Brooks no aid to the Muscovite,  
 Backward flung in his wild career.  
 Sound the warning, anear, afar—  
 Chose ye, then, oh ye Nations all!  
 We are ready for peace or war,  
 Scheming Teutons or reckless Gaul.

We are friend to all the Nations that with Freedom's  
 cause abide.  
 We are foe to every Nation that with Tyranny is  
 friend;  
 Bright glows the lamp of liberty throughout these  
 Empires wide,  
 Though long the road our way is sure, and surely  
 comes the end:  
 Lo, Old Japan in eastern sea firm for the cause  
 upstands,  
 Linked in the chain o'er western main Columbia  
 bides free.  
 Stretching across Atlantic deeps to Albion her hands:  
 Three potent forces God abets, to work man's  
 destiny.

Wellington, N.Z., 1904.

### A Quatrain.

Man's life a medley strange appears:  
 Joy, sorrow, pain and laughter.  
 His lust of life is born of fears  
 Things may be worse hereafter.

Goodiman, N.S.W., June '10, 1898.

## Two Metrical Essays.

### No. 1.—THE AUSTRAL CURSE

One Sisyphus, as punishment for wrong,  
A huge, round stone up-hill condemned to roll,  
Each day his weary burden heaved along  
In vain endeavor to an abstract goal.

2

Another tale, from Mauretanian lore,  
Relates how Atlas, from his dubious birth,  
Upon his broad, herculean shoulders bore  
The weighty microcosm called The Earth.

3

But now, in later days, the harrowed soul  
Of Austral swagmen feels the double goad:  
Each morn, like Sisyphus, their curse they roll  
And then, like Atlas, stagger 'neath the load.  
Goodiman, N.S.W., 1898.

### No. 2.—IN RE "BLURBY."

Recondite theme for Earth's philosophers—  
For only speculation here may sway:  
The place and natals of the clinging curse  
That now evokes my hypothetic lay.

2

For thou art reddened with the Ages' rust,  
Thou Austral Curse, far older than our shore,  
And various molecules of present dust  
In ancient times thy wilting burden bore.

3

All down the ages looms thy endless trail.  
And oft I think the Old Man of the Sea  
Whom Sinbad bore along Golconda's vale  
Was but an ancient metaphor for thee!

4

And Homer, while he sang the Trojan war,  
In stirring numbers full of grace and gore,  
By spur of want was forced to range afar  
And doubtless bore thee on the Stygian shore.

5

Haply some euhuistic minds obtuse  
May deem the bare hypothesis a crime,  
And hold me impious to thus traduce  
A poet deified by lapse of time.

6

But poverty aye coped the poet's crown—  
And weary wayfarers have ever been  
Earth's minnesingers, from Great Homer down  
To Lawson, and with Jesus Christ between.  
Sydney, New South Wales, 1898.

### Life.

We are winning down Life's highway in an eager,  
 hurrying band,  
 We trend toward a dubious goal in mystery  
 enshrined.  
 Our limitations rise to curb the schemes our order  
 planned;  
 Each day we see grim doubt before, and wrecked  
 ideals behind;  
 Hard trials and vexation,  
 Harsh toil and tribulation,  
 Minds heavy with Dejection's weight, and hearts  
 with care opprest,  
 Vain striving and endeavor:  
 These are man's portion ever,  
 Till ends the strife of earthly life in diuturnal rest.

#### 2.

Full oft we reap in sorrow what we hoped would  
 yield us joy;  
 Our joys, all evanescent, are deleted by our tears;  
 The gold of life is tarnished in a mass of dull alloy,  
 And the Shade of Desolation o'er our way its  
 front uprears.  
 But still, though trials daunt us,  
 And Failure's spectre haunt us,  
 Above Life's ills we'll seek to rise, and bear our  
 lot—to be;  
 Braving all earthly trouble,  
 Till bursts Life's dubious bubble,  
 And far beyond terrestrial cares our spirits wander  
 free.

#### 3

Who constant bickers at his lot augments his  
 earthly burdens;  
 While Hope shines brightly on the way no life  
 is wholly drear.  
 To warriors in this mundane fight are meted varying  
 guerdons;  
 Then let us bravely do our parts—nor yield to  
 craven fear.  
 With resolute resistance,  
 And firm and strong insistence,  
 We'll stand the buffets of life's fight, nor make  
 Despair our guest.  
 Who from his pathway finches,  
 MEETS Death, and dies by inches;  
 But he who smiles when Fortune frowns lives  
 bravest and lives best.

Sydney, N.S.W., 1899.



## To-morrow.

“Carmen reliquum in futurum, tempus relegatum.”  
—Coleridge.

-----  
“To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,”  
We ever deem it fairer than to-day:  
Hoping from Time to Come fresh strength to borrow.  
Why hug we thus the Demon of Delay?

What thoughts of fire, and helpful words unspoken,  
Lie fallow in the mind for aye and aye;  
The tenor of our way remains unbroken  
Because we do not grasp our chance To-day.

3

To-morrow! graveyard of our resolution;  
Shade of Regret! thou ever fleest before.  
Thy bright light charms, but grants no restitution:  
A fund of grief alone thou hast in store.

4

“To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow!”  
Our thoughts still run on that Utopian way;  
Its name is fraught with weight of dule and sorrow:  
The grave of plans ne’er born to life’s bright day.  
Flaxbourne, N.Z., March, 1892.

## To November.

Come, sing us a lilt to November—  
Our month of all others the King—  
Fresh blown from a red-and-black ember  
That faded ’tween Summer and Spring;  
With iris and poppy resplendent,  
Ere breath of hot Summer destroy;  
Soft nights, and sweet day-time transcendent;  
Our radiant bringer of joy.

Levin, 1910.



## The Star of Hope.

I watched a star that brightly shone  
 On the verge of the western sky;  
 But the earth rolled on, and its beam was gone  
 From the gaze of my raptured eye.

2

Then I mused on plans of my boyish days,  
 In a passion of wild regret,—  
 On hopes that fled as the long years sped,  
 And the star of my faith long set.

3

But new light broke on my homeward way  
 O'er the brow of a lofty hill:  
 From thence I saw, with refulgent ray  
 The star was shining still.

4

So, when man's hopes seem blotted out,  
 And sinks his guiding star,  
 Behind the steeps of present doubt  
 It radiant shines afar.

Avisford, N.S.W., 1898.

## To a Faded Rose.

Though faded now, in death thy leaves expire  
 A balmy fragrance odor on the air around,  
 And fill my heart, with Love's sweet flame afire,  
 With thoughts of one I love with love profound;  
 And as I gaze once more, dear rose, on thee.  
 I joy to think that I am dear to her as she to me.

Marlborough, 1891.

## Australia.

Latent for ages, while new worlds waxed old;  
 Sought—spurned—then cherished; tyrant-cursed; then free;  
 Verdant and fruitful; arid, parched and brown:  
 Heaven and hell within her entity.

## On Brumby Plain.

Our horses in the stockyard stand  
 At break of summer day;  
 With spur on heel and whip in hand  
 The stockmen ride away:  
 O'er flat and hill, through creek and rill,  
 To where on rolling plain  
 The outlaw brumbies wander free  
 That ne'er drew bridle rein.

2

Oh, wondrous breath of early morn,  
 How fragrant and how fair!  
 The scent of honied creepers born  
 Perfumes the slumbr'ous air,  
 While odors of the eucalypt  
 Their pungence spread around,  
 And verdant fronds with dewdrops tipt  
 Bend smiling to the ground.

3

Now fretful grown, our horses strain  
 Impatient for the chase,  
 And dogs cavort, and bark amain,  
 Or through the saltbush race.  
 Life with new ardor seems replete,  
 Fresh joy unstinted flows:  
 When youth is in the saddle seat  
 Dull Care a laggard grows.

4

At length we come to Brumby Plain;  
 The quarry flies apace;  
 The pack give chorus once again,  
 And on the stockmen race;  
 The brumbies' hoof-beats strike the ear  
 Like thunders distant roll,  
 As reckless in their wild career  
 They speed to serfdom's goal.

5

With foam-flecked flanks and rolling eyes  
 The yard the rebels reach;  
 The stirring crack of stockwhips dies.  
 And judgment waits for each.  
 Unlike the ancient prodigal,  
 No feast for these is nigh:  
 The best will spend a life in thrall—  
 The rest by bullet die.



## The Sun-God's Loves.

Apollo's love in northern clime  
 In slow gradations flows:  
 Vernal—a troth but half sublime—  
 Estrangement—passion's snows.

There but a languorous lover he  
 Disdainful stands afar,  
 Nor bids Earth's torpid tremors flee  
 That life to lovetide bar.

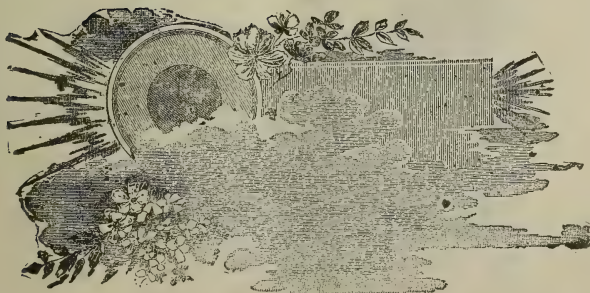
In Austral clime disdainful too  
 Aloof awhile he stands,  
 But only gathers strength to woo  
 His bride to nuptial bands.

No tardy Springtime here he gives,  
 And Autumn stillborn lies:  
 One torrid spell his ardor lives,  
 Then for a season dies.

And Earth in mad responsiveness  
 Her girdle green doth fling,  
 And hastes to greet his hot caress  
 With Love's unreasoning.

One harvest and one aftermath  
 And all his Seasons' trace:  
 Parted awhile in seeming wrath—  
 Clutched in a fierce embrace.

Bathurst, N.S.W., 1899.



## Of A Good King Dead.

When a brave man knows that his sands have run,  
 Through a long-poised glass, to the last red grain;  
 That the voyage in careless drift begun  
 Has purpose found, to its final gain;  
 And a kingly record of peace, sans stain,  
 Has fixed his fame for the years to be :  
 What need for grief shall his people know?  
 What fret of sorrow their souls o'erwhelm ?  
 Who sees his course in a troubled sea—  
 Sets bravely in, where faint hearts would veer,  
 And wins his way through a foam of fear—  
 Of surety comes to that inner lee  
 Where his barque rides clear from the waves of woe,  
 And the Kingly Pilot is at the helm.  
 Levin, May 10, 1910.

## Fame.

A poet came to a world of pain  
 And sang from his heart a song  
 That rang over mountain and dale and plain,  
 And sad hearts drank of the sweet refrain  
 Till their hearts again grew strong.

### 2.

By hardship's pangs was the poet torn  
 As he roamed on his weary quest—  
 And kind hearts pitied his fate forlorn  
 As he journeyed on to the far-off bourne  
 Where sorrowing hearts find rest.

### 3.

But the wilted soul of each sordid wight  
 Whose god was the greed of gold  
 Contemptuous felt for the poet's plight,  
 And grasped or cringed for their hearts' delight,  
 While closer Oblivion rolled.

### 4.

But the poet's fame is graven deep—  
 He worked true golden ore.  
 While men of self in Oblivion sleep  
 His fame now echoes from steep to steep,  
 And shall till the world is oe'r.  
 Avisford, N.S.W., 1898.

## A Song of Labor.

Right on from epochs distant—  
 Along the rolling years—  
 With Progress co-existent.  
 Oppression's form uprears;  
 And like the Hydra fabled—  
 The old-time Lernean bane—  
 Though oft in fight disabled,  
 In time grows strong again.

2

They needs make abnegation  
 Who strive for Freedom's goal;  
 Their guerdon is vexation,  
 And weariness of soul.  
 Yet though slaves cry in chorus,  
 And trust may be betrayed,  
 Where millions strove before us  
 Shall we turn back dismayed?

We hold a heritage that goes  
 From sire to son in right,  
 We reap the good of bygone woes,  
 And for the Future fight.  
 The spirits of the past survive—  
 A never-dying band—  
 Dead heroes and the unborn strive,  
 Through us joined hand in hand.

Sydney, N.S.W., 1899.





## Yacht Song.

Blow fair and free with a heaving sea,  
 And a trim-built yacht to guide;  
 Then over the waters merrily  
 We fly on an ebbing tide:  
 Each face is kiss'd by the wind-borne  
     spray,  
 And our hearts exultant rise  
 As we fly on our course—away, away!—  
 Towards the red'ning skies.

### 2.

Beyond the harbor's rocky bar,  
 Where the baffled sea-waves fret,  
 We set and make our course afar,  
 No thought of homing yet!  
 The gulls and gannets pace ahead;  
 We climb and sink by turn;  
 In joy of life all grief falls dead;  
 New hopes aspiring burn.

### 3.

But back once more to our mooring  
     buoys  
 We turn, though hearts rebel,  
 For Time curtails our dearest joys,  
 And duty's calls compel.  
 Yet forth again with wind and tide  
 We'll fare at Joy's behest,  
 Till we breast the tide of the ocean  
     wide  
 And on its bosom rest.  
 Wellington, 1896.



# In Lighter Vein.

## When Dickens Sent Micawber to Australia.

There's a land in southern waters, where the sky  
is ever fair;

It flows with milk, and honey too—in places;  
Its men are bronzed and stalwart and its maids  
are debonair.

But Poverty's grim grasp the land embraces:  
There loans must flow unceasingly to wet financial  
drought.

Plus kindred troubles springing inter alia—  
And the cause of all the trouble? Well, I guess  
it came about

When Dickens sent Micawber to Australia.

2

The Man of Pay By Promise, when he fled the  
English throng,

Determined to abide by cash resources.

We read that he succeeded; but heredity is strong—  
His progeny return to evil courses.

Now Three-bail Kohn (our Providence) lends coin  
to us, who stand

Tricked out for life in Lassitude's regalia.

Giving in pledge the travail of an unborn future  
band.

That we may merry be in sad Australia.

3

We're casual and thriftless all—we live but  
in To-day—

And listlessness our drowsy will enfetters;  
Why trouble for the morrow, when posterity must  
pay?

Our land is lean—for liens they'll be debtors.

Ho! let the borrowed bullion flow! right merry shall  
we be;

'Neath Austral skies we'll ape the old Ismalia;  
For of the land, not on it, at the time to foot  
the bill,

Will be our generation of Australia.

## A LAUREL WREATH.

A widely-published cablegram, some years ago, recorded that the principal footrace in the modern Olympian games which perpetuate the memory of primal contests dating back to the days when the primal swagman Homer was the chief reporter—was won by a Canadian. In the land of historic Marathon, he was given as reward the historic Crown of Laurel and a snow-white lamb. The cablegram naively added the news that on the athlete's return to Canada he would be presented with \$2,500!

Out of the West an athlete came  
To Athens in the Spring:  
Seeking fresh glories for his name,  
He sped like bird a-wing.

Men of all nations there made tour:  
Jap., Pole and Irishman  
Strove with the Celt and Greek and Moor  
And eke Australian.

He of the West was victor hailed—  
And when the race was o'er  
They gave a wreath, and snow-white lamb;  
And dreamed of nothing more.

With single purpose THEY desired  
Who in the years bygone  
Contended strong with spirits fired  
By lust for Fame alone.

But later times have later ways;  
Our tastes are changed indeed;—  
The mode that chimed with ancient days  
Ill suits the present need.

Back to "Our Lady of the Snows"  
Her champion returns;  
In Grecian honors decked he goes,  
While Fame frankincense burns.

The lamb and laurel wreath are his;  
Hark how his praise resounds!  
And furthermore he has—"Good Biz!"—  
A neat £500.



## An Old-Time Football Fray.

Two football clubs of Wellington fought out "a  
willing go"

On the little park at Newtown, in the days of long  
ago;

They'd just been raised to senior rank, and rivalry  
ran high;

Each team went out determined—it was win the  
game, or die—

In the local football annals 'tis a well-remembered  
day

Whereon "The Melrose" "Rivals" met in vigorous  
affray.

They set the leather roiling; things were lively  
from the jump:

Pack the scrum, and hold like misers; heave and  
push and kick and bump:

The barrackers grew frantic as they gazed upon  
the scene,

And in less time than I tell it thirteen jerseys  
strewed the green;

So the barebacked players scrambled for the colors  
that were left,

Till the ten-and-twenty players mere of upper-togs  
bereft.

Still, the game kept "fairly friendly" till a lad  
called Lippy Shep.

Scored a try near Rivals' goalposts—he had run a  
tidy step—

And the umpire was short-sighted; so he voted with  
the Noes;—

Then Lippy closed his digits: and right out that  
umpire goes—

Then the Rivals' Billy Biffer smote poor Lippy with  
such zest

That he lay beside the umpire in an attitude of rest.

The Rivals' captain quite in vain for peace and  
football prayed,

The cry was up for "stoushers"—and they one and  
all obeyed:

Things were stirring round the goalposts on that  
winter's afternoon,

With an umpire vainly whistling, and a player in  
a swoon;

There was blood on half the greensward, broken  
 noses three or four,  
 When this interlude was ended and the game went  
 on once more.

The umpire was a plucky sort: and though a woeful  
 wreck—

With a blackened, puffy optic, still he kept the  
 game in check;

The play went on till sunset, still they battled with  
 a will,

Then Gillon scored for Rivals on the corner by the  
 hill,

And the Two-blues' ululations rent the atmosphere  
 again

When the no-side whistle sounded with the Rivals  
 in the main.

... ..

Alas! those days of "willing-goes" for evermore are  
 fled;

Now you stand down for a twelvemonth if you  
 punch a player's head;

You must "down" opponents gently,—and to only  
 "mention" fight,

You must see the Rugby Union on the nearest  
 Wednesday night;

Old Rugby's case-law ridden—and its time for men  
 to "peek"

When for ninety minutes' football you must read  
 for half a week.

Though the Rivals Club is buried, the Old Melrose  
 linger still;

But they've lost their old-time derring, and they  
 win their games on skill;

No more they meet in Blarmey's shed and run to  
 Island Bay:

They must meet "to study tactics!" and the gloves  
 are laid away!

They own a large gymnasium! gas and shower-  
 bath!! strike me glum!!!

And in place of screwing noses now they practise  
 "screw the scrum."

Avisford, N.S.W., 1898.

### Yarding Sheep.

Yarding sheep, yarding sheep!  
 How the beggars break and scatter;  
 Yarding sheep, yarding sheep!  
 Do you hear the whirling clatter?  
 Ere the streak of dawn begun,  
 Finished in the evening dun:  
 'Tis the penance of the run—  
 Yarding sheep.

In the chorus of the canines I can hear old Nellie's  
 note;

Young Tatkins backs his mother with a yap;  
 And Norway Alf. is grunting "I vill bust you  
 sooners, boat,

Suppose you don't shud ub youse dader drap!"  
 And the white sea shakes and quivers, while in  
 eddies on the rim

The strong move on to nowhere in particular;  
 The dust flies thick and thicker till the crimson  
 sun grows dim,

And language flows that shocks your sense  
 auricular.

#### 2

There are silly goats in 'sylum; there are silly  
 goats outside

("Way out there, Joper!! Make the wasters  
 scamper!");

But of all the queer conundrums that were ever  
 wrapped in hide

These woolly bounders fairly cop the damper!  
 Stubborn as facts, they won't be moved, they rush  
 like bulls in town,

Or hurdle—as their brainless heads impel them;  
 And Gabriel gets writer's cramp through hustling  
 to set down

The inessential things we yarders tell them.

Yarding sheep, yarding sheep!

Oh, its joys are none too nice!

Yarding sheep, yarding sheep!

"Break away" is sound advice.

Out to graft at dawn's first peep;

Sore to bed at night we creep;

And continue in our sleep,

Yarding sheep.

## Yenko—A Dirge.

Now Yenke died, and many hearts were glad —

Yet even after death he caused folk sorrow:  
In life his reputation had been bad.

But more so was his corse upon the morrow.  
No hearse to take the carrion could be had,  
And so a covered cart they had to borrow;  
But then no cemetery could be found—  
The corse was banned from consecrated ground.

So to the city dust heap fast they hied them,  
But there Jim D . . . debarred the burden tainted;  
A corporation middenist espied them—

He sniffed the odors, gasped for breath, and fainted;  
The near relations scarcely could abide them—

With phosphorescent blue the air was painted;  
And a lone polecat, chancing near to venture ,  
Dropped in his tracks and lost his life debenture.

A furnace then they built them for his baking—

Got coal by shipload and Cologne by tun—  
But ere they finished this big undertaking,

Lo! Yenke his own obsequies began:

The mighty exhalations he was making

Evoked his noisome carcase to the sun,  
Till 'twixt the Earth and Heaven was his location—  
Which greatly vexed the astral congregation.

Thus Earth was freed. But poor Mahomet's case

Was parlous quite; and so he roused from slumber,  
Forgot the niceties of creed and race

And took a place 'midst Peter's suppliant number;  
His supplication found the Keyman's grace;

Mahomet cast his chip 'mong Christian lumber—  
But Theosophic entities a legion  
Still dodge Yenk's odors round the astral region.

Wellington, 1905.

## A Political Quatrain.

A paradox extremely quaint

We see this contest yield:

In Field we find the new man now,

While Newman's all afield.

Wellington, December 6, 1896.



## Bubónico.

You've heard of the sad rodent host  
 That propagates plague-germs bubon c?  
 The theory's sound—though some folk may be found  
 Who greet it with laughter ironic:  
 The bubonised rat yields his ghost—  
 His fleas haste to two-legged mammal;  
 Then swellings arise that in relative size  
 Might vie with the hump of a camel.

### 2.

They slay him with poisons mephitic,  
 With traps and with catchers surround him:  
 A hell upon earth he has found since the birth  
 Of plague threw suspicion around him.  
 In spite of the sneers of the critic,  
 Still greater the holocaust grows;  
 But on the bubonic it acts as a tonic,  
 And no-one finds cure for our woes.

### 3.

Though Sydney with rat-blood runs red,  
 Her emigrants still find no pratique:  
 Off the Island of Somes they are merry as—gnomes!  
 And count quarantine as erratic.  
 Though Dr. Watts otherwise said,  
 Ships' walls make a prison at times;  
 Expenses increasing and sorrow unceasing—  
 Our travail is shown in our rimes.

Somes Island,  
 Wellington, March 1900.

## A Blank Verse Banality.

When you are straying by the tide-stirred sea  
 And list'ning to the music of the waves,  
 As in a weird, grand monotone they plash  
 Upon the pebbly shore;  
 And themes majestic surge within your brain,  
 While in your ears strange music softly croons,  
 Filling the soul with joy unspeakable:  
 At such a time—'tis safe to lay long odds—  
 You need no liver tonic.

Wellington, 1893.

## The Thankful Cockie's-Man.

Here in Levin, where ev'ry child must labor  
 And ev'ry "cockie" borrows from his neighbor;  
 Where stony ground drinks all the rain that offers,  
 And bond-slaves toil to fill the bankers' coffers:  
 Here must I stay, and rough my epidermis  
 By "hoking" turnips (this a local term is)  
 For cows whose appetites are never off 'em,—  
 For cows who stand and scoff, and scoff, and scoff 'em!  
 Here ev'ry year the streets are open thrown,  
 In Spring, and scores of cattle, clover-blown,  
 Lie in the roads, and strain their gas-bulged hides,  
 While unconcerned the cockie home abides.  
 Here folk are callous, and their wilted wits  
 Shrink daily, as they labor at the "tits";  
 They have no aims beyond a factory vat,  
 And all their hopes are based on butterfat.  
 Here I drag on my dreary, hopeless life,  
 Sans recreation, wages, or a wife;  
 Yet thankful still : for THOUGH a farmer's lackey,  
 I'm living AT Levin, NOT IN Otaki.

Levin 1910

## Supper Time.

"Tocsin of my soul, the dinner bell."—Byron.

A semi-calm upon the House descends—  
 And "mild-eyed peace" triumphant comes o'er  
     strife:  
 No longer, striving for their party ends,  
 The patriots make the air with clamor rife.  
 The blatant roar dies fitfully away—  
 And yet the stillness no alarm excites:  
 For 'tis the hour when members cease the fray  
 And steal away to sate their appetites.

House of Representatives,  
 Wellington, June 30, 1896 (10.55 p.m.).

# Philosophic Verses.

## Flotsam and Jetson.

The flotsam rides in the dancing gleam  
 Of warming sun, while the jetson rolls  
 In darkling deeps where mermen dream  
 Of woes unending; where dead men's goals  
 Unprized (but thrust by the hand of Fate  
 On lives whose weft is of tangled skeins)  
 Are found, remote from the world elate  
 With transient pleasure and fleeting gains.

Nor Life is complex, and riddles rise  
 Wherever action or plan is seen;  
 And whether in small or in grand emprise  
 The odd ones harvest, and hosts but glean;  
 And records red with men's sacrifice  
 Are blurred and gone in a transient year,  
 And only shadows of truth arise  
 And mock of sorrow o'er Brav'ry's bier.

Yet e'er the Riddle of Life be read—  
 And vacillation no longer be;  
 Ere joy and guerdon alike seem dead,  
 And Time immersed in Oblivion's sea—  
 The jetson surely will harbor find  
 Though flotsam, formless, be sinking low;  
 And courage triumph o'er baser mind  
 Till God's good purpose we all shall know.

Levin, October 28, 1915.

### Ixion's Wheel.

Bound to Ixion's wheel in hell  
 Ten thousand earthly victims cry  
 Who prove that hell is on the earth;  
 And only those who have no dearth  
 Of courage brave for long its woe;  
 And fearing naught, undaunted go  
 (Where cravens yield and cowards fly)  
 To break a far-flung spell.

Some by connivance to the wheel are bound—  
 Unwitting victims for the guilty few  
 Who league in human deviltry, to gain  
 The mastery of telepathic brain,  
 And drive their victims, an unwilling crew,  
 The lowest depths of infamy to sound.

If here a one the hell has braved; (in vain  
 Plumbed depths unknown to others, and has won  
 To heights where souls emancipated soar,  
 And wage for others an enduring war,  
 Unthanked, unknown; yet each to each confessed);  
 His victory the ages may attest,  
 When all the fogs of intellect are done  
 And man be master of himself again.

Who lives aright, the message sure shall hear;  
 But he who reads aright the depths has passed,  
 And braved undauntedly the dangers fell  
 That form on earth our too material hell;  
 Our second life runs with us as we go,  
 And all wake soon or late the truth to know:  
 To some a deathbed, and to some a cast  
 Of others' willing makes the knowledge clear.

Levin, April 24, 1916



### Three Stanzas from "Rimpodell," an Unfinished Poem.

Man's body corporal is but a frame

Wherein the mind may prove strange truths unknown  
To souls unfettered by a dubious name

Nor bound in Orthodoxy's overgrown  
And strangling withes; the earth is still aflame  
With knowledge gained by nations long o'erthrown:  
Forgotten by the normal world, but still  
Free for remembrance when the air waves will.

We walk awhile in seeming isolation

Our minds our own; our thoughts, our ev'ry deed;  
The years succeed; and in each abnegation.

Each selfish act, each trust in self or creed,  
We raise a superstructure for our station

When comes the fuller life of fruit and weed  
Which most will reach when present life is done;  
Which some have known and proved ere life be run.

The soul, the body, and the mind,

United are, and yet apart:

Who leap Death's barrier but find

A fuller life expand—the start

Of freedom from the needs that bind

The intellect to head and heart.

There are no dead oblivious of life:

We die, yet live; in freedom from Earth's strife.

## Dying Alive.

They live in dreams that clear and cloud;  
 Remote from kindred, sad they dwell;  
 Their hopes and fears, that crush and crowd,  
 Their double lives attesting well,  
 The secret horrors and the pain  
 Which bind in woe the world-linked mind  
 That traverses the endless chain  
 By Moloch placed upon mankind.

Mid night-gloom lit by secret flame  
 They hear mad, riant laughter peal,  
 And feel the silent world acclaim  
 The inner life more truly real  
 Than all the outward strife and toil  
 For him who braves Death's shocks and rack,  
 And breaks its telepathic coil  
 By challenge ta'en and glove flung back.

Still lags the world, while round it span  
 Laocoon-like spells that choke  
 In crushing coils the mind of man,  
 And mysteries world-old evoke  
 To keep in stupor slothful brains,  
 Or cloud for ever those that break  
 The bonds of Superstition's chains,  
 And dare the worst for Conscience' sake.

Yet light is breaking through the gloom;  
 A thousand minds, long held, are free;  
 But hosts still cower in living tombs,  
 Victims of human devilry.  
 A decade or a thousand years.  
 What matters, since the light has shone?  
 Man's life is "not" a thing of years:  
 He dies, yet still "his" fight goes on.

Who holds the master key is known;  
 Who braved and conquered earthly hell;  
 Who dared and triumphed all alone;  
 Who fought the shades and man as well.  
 "Madness" is abnormality;  
 But "saner" sense no "weird need dree";  
 And he who won where billions failed  
 In life knows immortality.

Levin, January 3rd, 1917.

### The Life Eternal.

My hope of sempiternal life is entered  
Athwart, below, above each starry sphere  
Where myriad worlds on billion star-suns centered  
Circle the pathway of the rolling year.  
Life in the runnel to the mountain singing,  
The lightning's fork, the waves' phosphoric run,  
In Earth's diurnal course, where music ringing  
Joins planetary band with choir mundane;  
While asteroids supply an outer chain,  
And bright Canopus dwarfs each giant sun.

Levin, September 9, 1914.

## The Last Enigma.

Bound in the web of circumstance—not Fate—  
 Men's lives in sheltered vale or stormy sea  
 Are spent, while opportunity must wait  
 The whim of minds not fretful to be free.

Some lives for ever run in placid way;  
 Some start in stress, and win through major woe;  
 And fighting on, defiant of decay,  
 To man's sure end with untamed spirit go.

For some a cove secluded from the sea  
 Gives shelter from all storms—and not alone  
 From storms. They miss the transports of the free  
 Unfettered life those daring beings own

Who brave the tempests of Life's sea and air;  
 Who yield no jot to fear or circumstance,  
 And follow dauntlessly their path where'er  
 Their metier draws them; or the whim of chance.

Till comes the last enigma of Life's woes,  
 Which here and there some reader of the scroll  
 Solves with his inner consciousness; but goes  
 To death with truth, unuttered, in his soul:

Since present obloquy would sure requite  
 Each Galileo of the astral zone  
 Who sought to quicken with Truth's violet light  
 Lymphatic brains that throb from hearts of stone.

Levin, June 30, 1915.



# SOME RECITATIONS.

## Job Ichabod O'Reilly.

In Inverness, or some such Scottish place,  
 There lived a man who posed as Scot in race;  
 Yet named so strangely, so uncannily,  
 That scarce a son of Scotia could agree  
 To deem him aught but Semite; for his name,  
 Job Ichabod O'Reilly smacked that same  
     (Which phrase reminds me that the surname grew  
     Across the Irish Sea, ere Scotia knew  
     The Giant's Causeway had been 'whelmed 'neath waves,  
     Leaving their Highlands free from wading braves).  
 O'Reilly primus lived, and laughed and died—  
 And many others of his line beside—  
 They tinctured Scotland with their pawky jests,  
 Matched Scottish crotchets with Hibernian rests;  
 On Irish pipes played accidental air  
 That filled their Scottish neighbours with despair,  
 Till came a day when hundred pipers two  
 Their hardest for Old Caledonia blew  
 On blethurs keyed to such discordant note  
 That ev'ry Irish callan's straightway smote  
 His pipes with bludgeon, till they sang no more,  
 Then swam, in dudgeon, to his native shore.

But one O'Reilly failed to join the rest—  
 His deafness saved him from the torture test—  
 Alas, he stayed on Caledonia's shore,  
 And lived to rue his choice for evermore;  
 At least he should have rued it; but to tell  
 The truth, his case as proved goes passing well  
 On either side; both yea and nay agree;  
 With tongue in cheek and tear in eye went he;  
 And all confessed his native wit shone slyly  
 When he became Job Ichabod O'Reilly  
 As testimony of his grief, deep-hearted,  
 That with his kinsmen he had not departed.  
 Job placed entail upon his hat, and land,  
 That ev'ry eldest son should bear the brand  
 "Job Ichabod," nor view the name askance,  
 On pain of instant disinherittance.  
 And so until this day the name survives,  
 While modern whimsies stock O'Reilly's hives.

## 1.

In 1900—so the story goes—  
 Job Ichabod O'Reilly's fame arose  
 In Glasgow City, where the beer runs brown,  
 And fifteen tankards cost but half-a-crown;  
 Where whisky reeks not of the smoke, and prime  
 Old wine and brandy run the whole year's time;  
 And each Scotch nose, with erubescant ray,  
 Defies the winds that hurtle o'er the bay;  
 Where men from Greenock and the Brig of Weir

Drift daily in, disguised in local beer,  
 To earn betimes the wherewithal for more  
 Ambrosial liquor, served at half past four  
 Or other time that suits those folk whose blend  
 Tends always to a biting, liquid end.

'Twas here Job Ichabod O'Reilly stayed,  
 And plied betime his Irish forebear's trade  
 Of piping—in the style of later days—  
 For Job piped beer, instead of piping lays.

Yet though he circled daily with the cask,  
 He never raised a pot; and none could ask  
 Why walks O'Reilly with a rolling gait?  
 Nor why his speech seemed suddenly elate.

## 2.

In Glasgow Town, despite its vinous ways,  
 Good Templar lodges flourish like green bays,  
 In Glasgow Town, despite a world-wide lie,  
 The Jews still live and thrive, as well as die;  
 They have their jocund days as well as ill;  
 Each gets his own, and always foots his bill;  
 Though some waste cash, carousing cheek by jowl,  
 The many shun for aye the flowing bowl;  
 There gathers weekly, when the Monday runs,  
 The Rechab. Lodge of Zion's exiled sons.

## 3

One "Pound Night," 'midst the semi-cheerful din,  
 Job Ichabod O'Reilly handed in  
 His name for membership;—The Worthy Chief  
 Questioned the Lodge; his words were swift and brief;

With Job's praenomens how could fellow fail?

No son of Israel at "Job" could rail.

The new-made brother, maugre his sad trade,

Drank all his comrades healths in lemonade,

And pledged his word that he would prove a stickler

For all Good Templar rights, and scorn such "shicker"

As whisky, cider, gin or other heady liquor.

4.

Job ran his course from "Outside Guard" to "In";

He shunned the fluid that with daily din

He clasped and cared for, and with settled plan

Sent out to meet the needs of fellow man;

And when the Lodgemen grieved about his case,

He gently viewed them, with a gay grimace,

And softly told the one with deepest coffer

If he'd a better job, to make the offer!

But for the first O'Reilly's whimsy vein

My tale had lacked the climax it may gain;

Else had the Job of 1900 been

Steadfast for ever in his sober mien;

And desolation had not come to stay

Amongst the Rechab. Lodge out Glasgow way.

A joking turn the first O'Reilly knew:

The latest one inclined that same unto;

The first upon the later thrust his name;

The latest 'whelmed his Lodge in lasting shame,

By thrusting on their palates, unbeknown,

A potent liquor held in jars of stone.



## 5.

It was the "Pound Night" of the Hogmanay,  
 And all the Lodge was gathered to display  
 In simple fashion for each other's pleasure  
 The sober joys that Templars dearest treasure:  
 So Sister Blue recited; Blancstein sang;  
 Vertz played the harp; the roof with "encore" rang;  
 They hear how Hahns the flowing bowl turned down  
 And bought his child new boots; how Snizzlevown  
 Tripped o'er his shadow while pursuing beer,  
 And travelled forty yards upon his ear;  
 Of horrors that the drunkard dreams, while we  
 Enjoy our placid slumbers; how the bee  
 Gathers its honey 'gainst the winter's wind,  
 Nor fears the waspish death that drunkards find:  
 Till in his chair the sleek Chief Templar rose,  
 The health of Job O'Reilly to propose;  
 The Chief spoke earnestly, and praised Job highly;  
 Then all drank deep the liquor of O'Reilly.

## 8.

'Twas usquebaugh, disguised in cloves and spices;  
 'Twas sweet in taste, though plenteous in its beading;  
 The Brothers liked its tang so well, that ices  
 And headache wafers next day all were needing;  
 But ere next day arrived, some new devices  
 (Rants, arguments, and twa-three noses bleeding)  
 Were tried for entertainment of Good Templars  
 Who proved for once a set of sad exemplars.

## 7.

When the Right Hand Supporter had drunk two,  
 And the Assistant Secretary four,  
 Healths to the Brotherhood, their bibs of blue  
 Were blurred in vinous light;—and 'midst the roar  
 Of Inside Guard, in protest, as he flew  
 To save a Brother dragged across the floor,—  
 The Lodge from "Harmony" was re-resolved,  
 To have the riotous' enigma solved.

## 8.

The Chief proposed: "Job Ichabod O'Reilly  
 "From Templary be ostracised forthwith."  
 "Though one and all till late had prized him highly,  
 "And given him the grip of Rechab's kith;  
 "They scarcely could believe he'd proved so wily;  
 "But facts were facts, and trust a present myth."  
 The ostracism passed without one note  
 Of protest from the Brothers who could vote.

## 9.

Job Ichabod O'Reilly still obtains  
 At Glasgow Brewery, and hoops the casks;  
 From cider, whisky, beer, he still abstains,  
 And chortles gaily as he does his tasks;  
 But in the summer's suns or winter's rains  
 Of him the Lodge's password no one asks.  
 In pothouse circles now is found his fame,  
 And Rechab's Sons all count it to his shame.

Levin, May 3, 1916.

## TWO SPORTING PIECES.

### The Armstrong Duo.

#### A TALE OF THE TURF.

I was riding a stumer to order;  
 My prad was a demon to last;  
 I reefed at his head, and I wished for more lead,  
     As right to the front he went fast.  
 There was ME, and a 'chaser from 'Naki,  
     The only fast two in the ride;  
 The others were slow as Otaki,  
     And couldn't get warm when they tried.

A furlong from home the big chestnut  
     Came at me, and wasn't I "dead";  
 I tugged on my rein till the martin and chain  
     Were rattling like horses unfed.  
 "Go on, lad, and win it!" I grunted;  
     But how did I feel when he yelled,  
 Not me, Johnny Raw! I've a reef on his jaw!"  
     So I "squeezed" them behind us, and said:

"Them blighters back there'll never foot it;  
     It's me or its you for the dibs:  
 If 'I' land home 'firse' I'll be meat for the hearse,"  
     "Well, I'm just the same!" says his nibs;  
 We were galloping shoulder to shoulder;  
     His elbows were crowding his bread;  
 I saw it was hard work to hold her:  
     "Go on, or I'll dot you!" I said.

"You dot me?" yelled Armstrong the Second;  
     Pull up, and I'll soon settle you!"  
 But while this went on we were bowling along,  
     And very near landing the glue,  
 A "stipe" in the straight standing handy  
     I spies; we both raises the stick  
 And hard on our leather we both lands together  
 And pulls on one rein—an old trick.

He bumps mine, and mine his—two dandies—  
The horses grunts ready to burst.

"Well, strike me serene, that's a dandy in green!"

He cries; "It's 'our' protest, at worst!"

And while we were strait'ning our mounts up,

And "sparring for wind," as they say,

Three-legs-and-a-swingler that raced as Aldinger

Gets past us, and landed the hay.

"Get in with a protest!" cries Willie,

Alf, Alick, and punters galore.

"My boss" says "No; protests is silly!"

"Put up with a beating, though, sore!"

The owner from 'Naki thought ditto;

Ten mugs drew their dividends, great;

Two Armstrongs got off with a caution;

And I still "had my name on the slate!"

Levin, January, 1917.





## The Sea Course Steeplechase.

The jockey who rode old Commotion,  
 And landed home first, on the rails,  
 With joy on his chiv., collected his div.;  
 Then handed round whiskies and ales.  
 He bought a cerulean waitcoat;  
 He took his best girl to the play;  
 But worn out by wasting—and maybe by “tasting”—  
 He found himself far from O.K.

So a trip to the seaside he ventured,  
 And there nought but ozone drank he;  
 He swam and he paddled, till trouble skedaddled  
 And daily he chorled with glee.  
 O'er sand-wastes and marshes he tramped it;  
 He slept when he chose, did McNish;  
 With nose to the tide and his mouth open wide,  
 His snoring affrighted the fish.

With good food he daily extended  
 His vest; no choice dish would he shirk;  
 One day (WHILE HE SNORED) he was making a hoard  
 With fees that he earned “riding work”;  
 But his track was the sea, and his “neddies”  
 Were tailed from their waists to good-bye:  
 ’Twas on dolphins he rode; and, for use as a goad,  
 A swordfish was strapped to his thigh.

Mac sprinted four furlongs—through water—  
 On a dolphin brought fresh from a farm  
 Far under the sea, where mermen roved free,  
 And touts never caused an alarm.  
 “Stretch out for a mile on this fish here!”  
 A fish-trainer said through his jowls;  
 “He’s a dog-fish’s whelp, but he’s straight off the kelp;  
 “So swim him half-pace, if he rolls!”

Mac rode to instructions, and pleased them:  
 A Sporting Young Shark cried, “Old Fish,  
 “You ride pretty sound! sprint my dolphin once round!”  
 “You’re on!” remarked Sleeper McNish.  
 But, just as he rushed at a hurdle.

A dogfish strayed on to the track;  
 McNish with his saw slashed the "dog" in the maw,  
 And landed his dolphin safe back.

He "put through their paces" two dozen  
 Of dolphin, and proved their back fin  
 Convenient to rest on each time that he pressed on  
 His mounts to "give proof they could win";  
 One dolphin unruly, that bolted,  
 He stopped, with his sword in its side;  
 In stillness extended, he deemed the sight splendid  
 As there coruscating it died,

Fish-trainers in dozens implored him  
 To take their retainers to ride;  
 Mac singled out one as the man for his mon.;  
 They signed on a plaice-fish's hide;  
 A losing-ride price he just scoffed at—  
 'Twas one-two-or-three, for a fee;  
 He knew not what fear meant! 'twas win or don cerement  
 (A modern Fred Archer was he).

The Oceanside Hack Race (a "steeple")  
 Was close on three miles through the blue;  
 The "hencoop" was shelly; first fence a whale's belly;  
 Then over a sea-stream (or through).  
 They took the word "Go!" from a Sculler;  
 A Lobster was clerk of the course;  
 They'd boiled him, to make him true-color,  
 And set him astride a (sea) horse.

A Porpoise supplied Mac with leggings;  
 His trousers a Purpura dyed;  
 Of flying-fish wings was his saddle; and rings  
 For his martin. two Dories supplied.  
 His jacket of sponge-cloth, dependent  
 With passementerie pearls black and rare,  
 Was off-set by sea-flowers, resplendent,  
 As colors, entwined in his hair.

They raced through an ichthyosaurus  
 That died before sport was begun;

His ribs were so wide that the dolphins inside  
 Were swimming abreast—ev'ry one.  
 "Two squid a get plaiced?" cried a Catfish  
 That jockeyed 'longside of McNish;  
 "It's goldfish to plaice you'll be out of the race,"  
 Our dreamer replied to "that" fish.

Three dolphins turned tail at the "big fence"—  
 A bank of mud-oysters, piled high—  
 And a jibbing young fish half-unseated McNish  
 By flicking a tail in his eye;  
 But never despairing, nor swerving,  
 He raced his mount on for the stake;  
 The pace grew a cracker; each piscator backer  
 Was gaping for joy in his wake.

The "finish" he rode was tremendous:  
 His fish took the "hencoop" so free  
 That the Trumpet-fish Band played "Best in the Land,"  
 And A Mullet threw sand in his glee.  
 The Prince of the Narwhals acclaimed him;  
 The Shoal hailed him "Bonserine Bloke!"—  
 But a stone in his rib "took the wind from his jib,"  
 And with pains in his side he awoke.

Levin, January 6, 1917.



## The Dual Purpose Cow.

This is the tale of O'Grady's "Fairy"—  
Used for the plough, and eke the dairy,

Maugre objections by Mrs. O'Grady,  
Couched in language unfitting a lady.

"'Fairy' was Mrs. O'Grady's lot;  
Mr. O'Grady called her "Spot.")

So when milking at morn was over  
"Spot" trod furrows, instead of clover.

Ploughed till the strain of the double duty  
Robbed her of peace,—and her bovine beauty.

Yielded milk till her bones shewed through  
Hide made bare by the load she drew.

Then quoth O'Grady: "This milking must stop;  
"Spot's for the plough; let the butterfat drop!"

"You and yer plow!" his helpmeet said—  
(Jamming the mlkpail over his head),

Driving it down with a plump, strong fist—  
P'raps that ull tache yez ter hould yer whist."

"That's yer game, is ut?" Terence cried,  
Raising the pail—with an ear inside—

"Future that cow'll be mine alone;  
"Milking's what's making her skin and bone!"

But for a change in Fairy shown,  
Angrier still had this quarrel grown,

And telling the deeds had spread my verse  
Swiftly from poor to worse and worse,



Taking hurdles of truth in my stride,  
Telling of blows and abraded hide,

Piling up incidents—tail on chine—  
Also my earnings at fourpence a line,  
(Terms by "The Bulletin" reckoned enough  
When I was younger and wrote better stuff);

But ere the argument hotter could grow  
Mister O'Grady and Missis also

Cried together, "Ochone the day!  
"Spot do be gone from the world away!"

Dead in the bail poor Spot lay there,  
Sacrificed by a warring pair.

Farmers the moral find plain enow:—  
'Ware of the dual purpose cow.

Levin, September, 1913.

# Verses from Down the Line.

## Sonnet to M.C.B.

**A** sweet emotion from my soul is welling  
**Oh** lonely, loving wife. Though torn apart,  
**Still** do we live—and leal heart to heart  
**Beats** out our song of hope and, clam'rous swelling,  
**Subdues** Depression's sinister out-welling  
**Of** formless fears that impotent depart  
**(And** leave for future voyage a rockless chart)  
**Beyond** the depths where Misery was dwelling.  
**Since** thy pure love has won me this uplifting—  
**Dowered** me with greater fortitude, and pride  
**In** thy sweet self — and my resolve unshifting  
**To** face unflinchingly whate'er betide:  
**Clearly** I see the darker clouds fast rifting,  
**And** joy on earth and heaven for us abide.

Porirua, July 4, 1914.

## Courage.

Fate is the Moloch of the Lost—  
 On sand her tane is built—  
 And at her shrine a holocaust  
 Of martyr blood is spilt:  
 Though heart and brain united be  
 To dare Coincidence,  
 Man's craven faith in Destiny  
 O'ermasters "saner" sense.

Yet some there be who Fate defy,  
 And see her buckram clad;  
 Who face the night with courage high,  
 And make each neontide glad:  
 No horrent visions daunt the minds  
 That grapple with their fears  
 And hurl them to the hurtling winds  
 That shriek of vanished years.

So those may weep whose ready tears  
 Proclaim them weak of soul,  
 And Sorrow furnish forth their biers  
 Ere Death need take his toll:  
 He best shall die and bravest live  
 Whose courage dares the day,  
 Though Fate her Nessus gifts may give  
 And Atropos betray.

Porirua, July 22, 18 .

## Chronicle Cornerpieces.

Perhaps some apology is needed for the inclusion here of the "Chronicle Cornerpieces" which follow; for they were written hurriedly in every instance, to fill the maw of a daily newspaper. If I say that I include them because I like them better than I do some of my more-considered work, I do but state truth; but there are reasons apart. When I published, in 1914, a political satire entitled "The Triumph of Brass," I sold seventy copies in Levin (a town of 1600 inhabitants) and not one further copy in the whole of New Zealand! The sapient firm of New Zealand publishers which had undertaken to publish the pamphlet throughout New Zealand in so many words excused themselves from circulating the pamphlet by saying that "it was not bulky enough for sixpence." I had an idea at the time that failure to publish the pamphlet properly was due to the fact that it attacked the Government of the day and its three (Cerberus) heads; a crime now thought heinous: a placing hands on the political shekinah of New Zealand's smug mediocrities. But I run no risks to-day; and, as ten pages and two covers are "not bulky enough for sixpence" thirty pages two covers and one preface would not suffice in a work published at eighteenpence! So the Chronicle Cornerpieces go in as makeweights!

### Some Limericks.

#### HE COURTED DISASTER.

A Sassenach, armed to the teeth,  
Sought trust and tight trousers in Leith—  
Where neither is found—  
He's six feet underground,  
With kilts on his gravestone for wreath.



### WHY SAM KEPT POOR.

How sad is the tale of Sam Floozit,  
 Who never made wealth but he'd lose it:  
     He fagged his poor brains,  
     Planning wonderful gains;  
 But each separate shilling—he'd booze it!

### THE WHITE WALLAROO.

An emigrant Hairy Ainu  
 Located at Bunnamagoo,  
     With frenzy grew bald  
 When he heard himself called  
 Albino Japan Wallaroo.

### AND CHARLES WALKED QUEERLY.

Charles Antimacassar MacShane  
 Drank whisky to moisten his brain  
     To such an extent  
     That wherever he went  
 He witnessed a rolling terrain.

### Contentment.

Work, when needs are, with hearty will;  
 Play when times suit, and reckon still  
 Too much of either faults the bill:  
     Do each the best he can.  
 Life is a twist of stress and sloth  
 Each day for those who know that both  
 In proper sequence make best growth  
     Of true content for man.

A special pull when needs demand  
 Is due from ev'ry working band,  
 But folk who "never" slack lose sand  
     And finish far from frisky:  
 "The Man Who Rang The Dubbo Shed"  
 Put in the next six weeks in bed—  
 Through working past his strength, some said,  
     Though others blamed the whisky.

October 19, 1915.

## The Tree of Liberty.

When Bitten By A Lion, Kick The Dog. —A brand-new  
proverb with a moral that some will miss.

In Laws and Regulations  
Men's tongues find double tie;  
They gain no dispensations  
Who would unmask a lie;  
High-placed we find the ranter,  
And spurned the man of brains;  
Who grovels not, instantler,  
Has prison for his pains;  
Since Daniels come to judgment  
Greet with a loud guffaw  
Each protest 'gainst the fudgment  
That masquerades as law.  
So withs the Tree of Liberty,  
Ringbarked by officed fools  
Whose brains are of a quality  
More meet in German tools.  
Long life to British Liberty—  
Not the New Zealand brand—  
"Ours" is a seeming Upas tree  
That desolates the land.  
Some rulers rule that Liberty  
Must be subservient  
To Governmental-made decree,  
Free speech to circumvent.  
Long life to British Liberty  
(By Pallas' self endowed);  
"Ours" is the Country of the Free!  
Cheer, brothers, With The Crowd!!!  
For if against them you should cheer,  
Yours is a deadly sin  
That merits elongated ear  
And optic punched well in!

Levin, March, 1917.

## The Sporting "Flaxie."

SOME DAYS BEFORE TRENTHAM.

In Shannon, Buckley, Kereru,  
 And all along the creek,  
 The Sports are piling up their glue,  
 And conning weights by slush-light blue:  
 The races come next week  
 "Lady Lou Wheezer" is the cry  
 Of folk who know a reason why;  
 "That old New York is n.t.b."  
 A rider-out told me.  
 "That Cherry Blossom's bound to bloom;  
 "She is a mare that can't run stoom!"—  
 (I heard this in the train).  
 "Watch Aruake second day!  
 (A flaxmill man to me did say)  
 "You'll see HIM win again!  
 "Old Darby Paul will see 'em through  
 "When mud is thick as saddler's glue;  
 "He battles all the way.  
 "He's done no fives in 62;  
 "But when he's got four mile to do,  
 "He leads 'em all astray!"  
 I asked him would he back them all;  
 On me he let his sad glance fall.  
 "No, do me puce!" he bridling said,  
 "I'm weighing out my weekly lead  
 For stooms I backed last May!"  
 "But if you go down Trentham way,  
 "You'll find it dinkum what I say:  
 "The Shannon mare is hard to beat;  
 "The old bay 'chaser jumps a treat;  
 "Put in your brass, and don't be cowed;  
 He'll line the jing-banged colored crowd!"  
 I left him still erupting phrase  
 And owing coin to other days.

Levin, July, 1916.

## HOME FROM OTAKI.

Last night I saw the flaxmill hand;  
 Long was his face, and sad.  
 He said, "Old Sport, I've done me dough!  
 The local prads were all too slow;

The Trenthams beat 'em bad!  
 I put my load on Splendidus—  
 He couldn't gallop worth a cuss;  
 Next, Birkenetta was the tip;  
 She led half way, but funk'd the whip;  
 Ten bob on Silver Monarch went;  
 He couldn't win a copper cent;  
 So last I punted Merry Gain;  
 He finished fifth, and caused me pain;  
 In fact, each horse I chose to back  
 Bumped hard and heavy down the track.  
 So you'll not see ME grace Levin,  
 Next Thursday, with my flaxen skin,  
 Unless the boss hands out my screw  
 Two days before it's falling due.  
 But put your beans on Foxton's horse;  
 You'll see him ramping down the course.  
 With others whipping in.  
 That Blanko sprinter ought to score;  
 So will the horse with iron "jore"—  
 If Cutesort wants some tin!  
 Some horses seem to "do their dash"  
 Whenever lots of public cash  
 On them the tote is showing;  
 But when the public takes a rest,  
 They gallop till the very best  
 Can't see the way they're going!!  
 He winked a vinous eye at me;  
 "Seats, please!" the guard called, cheerily;  
 The engine gave a warning toot,  
 And bore him off to earn more "hoot."

Levin, September, 1916.



## A Chronicle Pastoral.

With recrudescient growl and croak,  
 Levin now greets her Winter rain;  
 But joy is with the farmer folk:  
 For fields are growing green again.  
 The cows, well-rugged, in comfort bide;  
 Their Danae showers fall twice a day,  
 And on the milk-pail's scalded sides  
 Beat out a joyous roundelay.  
 While days are wet, the boys husk maize;  
 Dad holds mam's wool, and she winds slick;  
 The hired man views Life's tangled ways  
 In magazines or "Deadwood Dick";  
 Each girl her glory-box must see  
 And gimp-e a future, gaily bright,  
 When sweethearts now will husbands be—  
 And stay to supper ev'ry night!  
 So runs the rune where folk sow seeds;  
 Where haystacks rise, and winter roots  
 Are stored, to meet the latent needs  
 When Father Frost nips all green shoots.

But where the stock grows lank and lean  
 Through hope deferred while seeking swede;  
 Or searching till their eyes grow dim  
 To gain one rib-extending feed:  
 The housewife's eye in scrow melts,  
 The farmer says "Levin is rotten!"  
 The poor boys tighten up their belts!  
 The poor girls' joys are all forgotten!  
 The baker calls but once a week—  
 And waits for "something on account"—  
 Till from his dwindling purse, once sleek,  
 The farmer dips a small amount.  
 So those who farm in slothful way,  
 Perforce must "dree their weird" in rain,  
 And flounder through a slushy May  
 To meet grim want in June again.

Levin, May, 1916.

# Miscellaneous.

## Gyrambo, Gyroosh and Gyrah.

Baby boy come from my drowsy Geelong—  
 Waking and crowing all day—  
 Father is chortling a whimsical song;  
 Hark to his queer roundelay:  
 Jump to the moon and reach out for a star;  
 Pull down a comet and fling it afar;  
 'Ware of the cat with her head in the jar—  
 Gyrambo, gyroosh and gyrah!

Mother is trying to coax him to sleep:  
 Wider he opens his eyes—  
 (Never a nod since the sun's primal peep)  
 Always looking so wise:  
 (Never aware of the time of the day.)  
 Pass him the cat, to be stroked the wrong way;  
 Or poor sister's ear, to be stretched in his play—  
 Gyrambo, gyroosh and gyrah.

Baby boy, back to his sleepy Geelong:  
 Tired of the cat; and his toes;  
 Tired of the outing; and tired of the song;  
 Tired—as ev'ryone knows!  
 Cry for a minute, and sleep for a night;  
 Dream of to-morrow, and wake with the light;  
 Sleep is the queen who puts ev'rything right:  
 Gyrambo, gyroosh and gyrah.

Levin, 1916.

## A "Counsel of Perfection."

He who with Sorrow sups gets Grief for guerdon,  
And goes with heart bowed down beneath the burden;

While he who sports with Joy gets all the blisses:  
Good times, good health, good spirits too—and kisses.

To each what he desires the Gods supply—  
So choose ye Bliss, and let Black Grief go by.

Death surely comes to Misanthrope and Merry,  
And each must pay his toll on Charon's ferry.

And since beyond that ferry none have scanned,  
He shows good sense who grasps the joys to hand.

Wellington, 1909.



## Re Jones, Deceased.

Wastrel Jones of drink lay dead—

Dead, unburied, and unrespected—

Circling crows were overhead;

Iguanas their chance rejected.

“Wondrous energies misdirected”;

Drop a tear for Wastrel Jones;

Gone to the devil, as all expected;

Mis-spent years make unmourned bones.

Jones (deceased) was no man's care,

Jones (deceased) was spurned by many,

Little was vile that he would not dare,

Squandered his wealth to the final penny,

Found some friends in the liquor tide,

Looked for none when the drought was on him,

Drank and suffered, and suffering died:

Such the guerdon his instincts won him.

Brains had he to plan and scheme,

Eke for good or for evil doing;

Verve for action and lymph for dream,

Heart for joy and soul for ruing;

Mind once brilliant, delumed in night,

Degradation its normal tense,

Let by fugitive gleams of light,

Having genesis God knows whence.

“No one's enemy save his own”!

Save his own, and some youngsters tainted;

Moiling in misery, hopeless grown,

Dowered with trends from a source unsainted.

Drop a tear for Wastrel Jones

(Two for the kids—may the State assist 'em!)

Food his flesh and dust his bones—

Filling his part in God's sad system.

Morals are many. Who has the mind  
 Takes his pick from the well-filled basket;  
 Trend? heredity? predestined?  
 He must answer who dares to ask it.  
 Springs of action from dead men flow,  
 Mortmain holding a sure pre-emption;  
 Some break bonds, and their Fate o'erthrow;  
 Some are fettered beyond redemption.

Wellington, N.Z., 1906.

### November in Australia.

Pied with resurgences of vanquished greys  
 That fled 'neath Spring's green wand; while **Summer hides**  
 In desert ways where fell mirage derides  
 The trav'ller famishing in heat and haze;  
 Austral November links her devious ways  
 Through storm and calm, through snow that **melts and**  
 glides  
 To streams pellucid—where the swallow bides—  
 Or half-reluctant scours the mountain sides.  
 Here grey-green waves from Bass's Strait outdriven  
 Roll on to seek a kindlier sea betime;  
 There sponge from Thursday Island caverns riven  
 On York's broad cape lies jetson cold with rime,  
 And polar waves 'gainst equatorial driven  
 Proclaim November child of ev'ry clime.

Levin, November 21, 1913.





## A Translation from Horace.

THE 22nd ODE ("INTEGER VITAE.")

THE LIFE UNBLEMISHED.

Whose life is pure, nor leans to crime,  
 Oh, Pegasus, forth may safely go  
 And on his shoulder bear no bow,  
 No poisoned arrow speed, nor throw  
 Fell Moorish darts in any clime.

Whether o'er Syrtes' stormy sand  
 He makes slow ways through swirling waves  
 Towards Caucasus, or questing strays  
 In land of fabled things where laves  
 Hydaspes' waters on her strand.

Not arms alone from danger ward:  
 Past Sabine Woods while late I strayed,  
 With Lalage, my laughing maid,  
 I sang, by danger undismayed,  
 And watchful walked, her charms to guard.

And, lo! a giant wolf in sight  
 Beyond the woods I did espy.  
 I was unarmed; and yet did fly  
 The wolf from me. With danger nigh  
 Man's surest shield is conscious might.

Love still my refuge sure shall prove  
 When ills oppress or dangers wait;  
 When joys are full or blisses great;  
 In desert drear or fruitful state—  
 He little lacks who loves his love.

Far from my farm in Sabian Wood,  
 Place me: where houses there are none,—  
 Scorched 'neath the chariot of the sun,—  
 Or cold, where clouds for ever dun  
 Chill and subdue the wanderer's blood.

Here, there or any chance-brought spot—  
 Whether at home I stav, or rove—  
 My Lalage shall be my love;  
 Her laughter sweet my charm shall prove;  
 Her prattle sweet shall cheer my lot.





